



The Last Portage

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PERCIVAL J. ILLSLEY

Andante

p
I'm

sleep - in' las'night w'en I dream a dream An'a won-der-ful wan_ it seem_ For I'm

Cresc.
off on de road I was ne - ver see, Too long an'hard for a man lak me, So

dolente *rall*

ole he can on - ly wait de call, Is soon-er or la - ter come to all.

rall

f agitato

De night is dark an' de por - tage dere, 'Got

plain-tee o' log ly - in' ev - - ry-w'ere, Black bush a-roun' on de

right - an' lef', A step from de road an' you' los' you'-se'f, De

cresc. *slower*

moon an de star a - bove is gone, yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on. An'

slower

agitato

off in front of me as I go, Light as a dreef of de

f

fall - in' snow Who is dat lee - tle boy danc - in' dere Can

see hees w'ite dress an' cur - ly hair, An' al - mos'touch heem, so

ad lib.

near to me In an' out dere a-mong de tree?

colla voce *p* *cresc.*

p **Parlando**

An' den I'm hear-in' a voice is say,

Prall. *pschernando*

cresc.

"Com a - long fa - der don't min' de way, De bos' on de camp he

f *semplice*

sen' for you, So your lee-tle bey's goin' to guide you 'troo. It's eas-y for me, for de

road I know, 'Cos I trav-el it man-y long year a-go?

with agitation

An' I fol-ler it on, an'wance in a w'ile He turn a-gain wit' de

cresc. *accol.*

ba - by smile, An' say, "Dear fa-der, I'm here you see, We're bote- to-ged-er jus'

cresc. *rall.*

you an' me Ver-y dark to you, but to me it's light, De road we trav-el so

far to-night.

con tenerezza

Lak'de young Je - su, w'en he's here be-low De face of ma lee-tle son look jus' so Den

cresc.

pp

morendo

off be- yon' on de bush I see De w'ite dress fad-in' a-mong de tree

cresc.

rall. molto

cresc.

Was it adream I dream las' night Is goin' away on de morn-ing light?

ad lib.

colla voce

pp